Cap. I cannot draw a Cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant straine,
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes strife:
We do require then of you so to vse them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common blossomes of his side,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feele their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place,
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.
Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gonor.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye
Reg. Lady I am not well
From a full flowing stoma
Take thou my soldiers, pri
Witnesse the world, that I
My Lord and master.
Gon. Meane you to enio
Alb. The let alone lies n
Bast. Nor in thine Lord
Alb. Halfe blooded fello
Bast. Let the drum strike
Alb. Stay yet, heare reas
On capitall treason; and i
This gilded Serpent: for y
I bare it in the interest of m
Tis she is subcontracted to
And I her husband contrac
If you will marry, make yo
My Lady is bespoke. Thou
If none appeare to proue v
Thy hainous, manifest, an
There is my pledge, Ile pro
Ere I taste bread, thou art
Then I haue heere proclai
Reg. Sicke, ô sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere trust
Bast. Ther's my exchan
That names me traitor, vill
Call by thy Trumpet, he th
On him, on you, who not,
My truth and honor firmel
Alb. A Herald ho.
Bast. A herald ho, a hera
Alb. Trust to thy singl
All leuied in my name, hau
Reg. This sicknesse grov
Alb. She is not well, co

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